

## The March Of Events

THE most romantic thing left now is science. The troubadours have gone, we don't believe in giants or fairies, mermaids or pixies, banshees or gnomes. But for the scientist the world is full of romance.

One group of scientists from England is starting out to climb Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world. Compared with the size of the earth that mountain is not as high as the roughness you see on the skin of an orange, or even on the skin of an apple. We are little microbes trying to climb up, that's all.

Another group of scientists is starting for South America to find the mother bed, in the mountains that separate Guiana and Venezuela, from which diamonds are occasionally washed down the rivers.

Another group of scientists will hunt in Asia for the old "chariots of iron" with which men killed each other before they had invented the "steel tanks" of today.

Scientists are trying to turn away the Arctic current that chills our northeastern waters. Science is romance.

Business also has its romantic side, and business men that have got beyond the need of money keep on with the game, like lion hunters or golf players.

William C. Whitney said of Thomas F. Ryan, "Ryan will be the richest man in the world if he wants to be." Perhaps Ryan is the richest now. Who knows? He does not.

You are reminded that T. F. Ryan hasn't lost interest when you read that down in a queer part of Africa a flying machine is carrying diamonds from the diamond mine to the coast.

Ryan owns the diamond mine and the diamond express is flying for him. Instead of negro porters tramping through the forests forty or fifty days with bundles on their heads, a machine will fly the trip in a few hours. Those diamond fields, it is said, now yield about two hundred and fifty thousand carats a year as a starter. That ought to be better than a subway, and you don't have any legislature in that part of Africa.

A careful trustee recently rendered an accounting of property held for a girl in her teens. The items owned by the young lady included "a Russian sable coat, made up of two heads, fifty-two tails, and fifty-three paws," besides the skins. What should we think of an animal if it wore "a coat" that included in addition to human skins, "two heads, fifty-two feet, and fifty-three hands?"

And what should we think about a tribe of African savages if we read that they had captured a female gorilla, guilty of killing somebody, that they had the gorilla locked up and soon were going, solemnly and publicly, to kill that female.

We should say, "Why, you poor savages, don't you know that the female gorilla killed because she knew no better, because she had an inferior brain? Don't disgrace yourselves by following the example of that killing gorilla female by now killing her."

The great State of New York has captured and locked up a black woman, guilty of killing somebody. And pretty soon the State of New York, scientifically, with the use of electricity, will kill that black lady, thus imitating her.

Dr. Cotton may prove more dangerous to lawyers than Phylloxera to the vine. He has discovered a gas, a sort of ether, that kills secrecy. One sniff of the ether and you tell the truth, no matter what question is asked. If everybody took a dose of that ether, what a surprise to the world. How useful that new ether would be in the divorce courts and the criminal courts. And how it

would cut down the prosperity of lawyers.

A well-informed railroad man, whose knowledge of railroads excels his humor, says that the one trouble with the railroads is this:

"Automobile trucks are allowed to use the highways free, and thus they compete very seriously with the railroads in freight carrying." That is a serious situation. How would it be to charge automobile trucks so much a mile for use of the highways and turn the money over to the railroads in addition to the subsidy now represented in increased freight and passenger rates? That ought to help.

## Miss Booth Asks Help for Army

E VANGELINE BOOTH, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, sends the following eloquent appeal:

"In the most difficult year of our recent experience with enlarged responsibilities upon one hand and the weary public sated with appeals upon the other, the Salvation Army finds itself in a desperate situation, and I want to ask if you will not make some editorial comment in your paper, which has done so much for us in the past, encouraging the public to see to it that our maintenance budget does not fail.

"The rich are saying they are beset by taxes and business depression and the poor are largely out of work, whereupon we are in danger of failing between the two. You know our practical work and direct methods and realize that in times like these, when there is great unemployment, our responsibilities are vastly multiplied.

"The Salvation Army is operated at a minimum of expense, as you know, and as the audits filed with your office show. Our people get nothing but a bare existence and cheerfully give their lives to the work.

"We make one appeal a year, and when this fails our work must, of course, be curtailed. I ask you this not for myself nor for the Salvation Army but for the great mass of suffering humanity."

Ask any man who was with our flag in France, ask any man at home who has been up against prolonged poverty as a stranger in a great city, whether the Salvation Army is worth supporting and you will get a reply which will send your hand quickly to your pocketbook.

This organization does a service for which it is peculiarly fitted, and performs it at a strikingly low percentage of administrative cost.

## Canada Joins "Dry" Parade

THE province of Ontario, Canada, the largest and wealthiest province in the Dominion, has gone for prohibition by the overwhelming majority of 200,000. Three other Canadian provinces had preceded it expelling liquor, and but three remain to vote on the question. There can be no doubt that Canada will soon follow America's example.

Then what a spectacle will be presented to the world when the entire temperate zone of a great continent casts out "the wine that mocks and the strong drink that rages!"

## Stars and Stripes

Style applauds beauty but jeers at ugliness.

Discontent is an open back door through which all blessings escape.

The man who has to guard his honor too closely deserves little confidence in it.

They who would compel others to attend church by law value their faith at a lawyer's fee.

A good intention will not keep; unless carried out, it soon decays and corrupts character.

If we judge an idler by his promises, he expects to live forever; if we judge him by his performance, he expects to die tomorrow.

A promise forgotten is a lie remembered. Opportunities are like fish of the sea; those that slip off our hook never bite again.

Good intentions have fair promises for children and vain regrets for grandchildren.

It takes no keen sight to find fault; it is rather the vice of one who stays at home and sees little, than of one who goes abroad and sees much.

A liar, like a lost traveler in a forest of falsehood, strays in a circle and arrives nowhere.

## REMOVE THE STAIN OF HIS NEGLECT

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## HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

He had always regarded persistence as a virtue, says Secretary Weeks of the War Department, until he came to his present task. While he was in Congress he looked with esteem upon those members who knew what they wanted and insisted on getting it.

But now he is at the other end of the avenue. He is a Cabinet officer and there are 600 members of Congress, all of whom know what they want and insist on getting it. It seems to him now that all of them have the quality of persistence. He now designates it as a quality, not as a virtue.

Between seeing them, he says, he has just time to sign innumerable documents that are thrust in front of him. He does not know what they are. It would be entirely possible to get his signature to his own death warrant. He would not be surprised at any time to find that he had inadvertently signed it. A Cabinet officer is forced to labor surprising hours at the mechanical task of signing his own name.

The miracle of the evolution of men in high places, the contrast between the positions they now hold and those they occupied back yonder before the climb began every day throws down the challenge to him who would attempt to match the truth with the product of his imagination. Take Senator Charles Curtis for instance, who is the whip of the Senate and, therefore, one of the most important men in the execution of the program of the Administration. Charles Curtis, who drives legislation through the most august body in the world, was fifty-three years ago, a ward of the Government living as an Indian on a reservation, attending the mission school and disporting himself in every way as did those little pure-blood aborigines with whom he associated.

His home was with the Kaws sixty miles from Topeka, Kan. Then, one day, the Cheyennes swept down upon the villages. The Kaw warriors went out to give them battle and the children watched as they circled each other on the prairie and many a red man bit the dust. At nightfall the battle was a draw. The peaceful Indians wanted to send word to the settlements that the Cheyennes were on the warpath. The horses had been run off, so the messenger must go on foot. Little Charlie Curtis, eight years old, was selected. He started out in the darkness on the road to Topeka sixty miles away. Inured to hardships, with muscles as taut as bowstrings, he made his way through the darkness, a newsboy on the city streets, he carried on until he reached the settlement and told his story.

When a man named Wurzbach was elected to Congress by a republican from a district in Texas the political world marveled.

What manner of man could this be who had cut the gordian knot that had defied all contestants for a generation? The only clue to his personality was a decidedly German name. He had been elected despite that handicap.

So I called on Congressman Harry M. Wurzbach. I found him a dark, handsome man of forty, crowned by a shock of steel-gray hair. Yes, his ancestors were German, had settled in Texas a hundred years ago, but he looked more like Creole French. His father had fought in the Confederate army.

He has more Spanish missions in his district than has any other Congressman.

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## Thermometer.

In the seventeenth century men could only judge of the amount of heat prevailing at any place by their personal sensations. They could only speak of the weather as hot or very hot, cold or very cold. And then came Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, of Danzig, who about the year 1720 completed the arrangement of a mercury thermometer. The basis of this instrument was two marks on the glass tube. One of them showed the point at which water congealed and the other at which it boiled and, to graduate the space between, he put 180 degrees between these two points beginning, however, with 32 degrees, because he found that the mercury descended 32 degrees more before what he thought the extreme cold resulting from a mixture of ice, water and sal-ammoniac was reached. The zero of the Fahrenheit scale is a solecism since it does not mark the extreme to which heat can be extracted.

The upper register of the thermometer is all right. Here the boiling point is 212 degrees—Indianapolis News.

## K. MILLER

HIS EDITORIAL ON MINGO

Everything is as serene and docile in Mingo as a pup rampant in a kitten harem.

The prospect of peace with Germany stirs the West Virginia customers to celebrate by precipitating a closed riot open only to members of the State in bad standing.

If you are searching the railroad menu for a nice, innocent little hamlet in which to fester away your vacation, buy a one-way ticket to Williamson and points north.

No use buying a round trip meal to Mingo—you'd never use the second stanza.

Although occupying a lofty perch in the crest of the mountain country where everything should be chillier than a vampire's heart, Mingo is the hottest little volcano not copyrighted by Cook's tourist bureau.

Here is one burg that Gink Fowler would enjoy. Gink is the toughest prize fighter who ever brushed his teeth with ground resin. He is so intricate that all his family heirlooms are brass knuckles and black-jacks.

The coal miners up in West Virginia are so industrious that they hate to hear the quitting whistle blow. When it gets too dark to work in the mines any longer, they all grab a musket and start fighting for a livelihood.

Wonderful climate, that which makes men so virils they lay down a shovel and pick up a Winchester. Wife meets them at the mouth of the tunnel with a dinner pail and a double barreled shotgun.

He loads the gun with wife's biscuits and kills seventeen non-union miners who think the day's work is done when they come out of the ground.

Reason for so much nuisance in Mingo is they haven't any sheriff. That job is so dangerous in a coal field nobody will run for office. Anybody will run from it.

Never can tell up there whether an election is constitutional or not. One party elects a candidate and the opposition ratifies the new administration by a volley of lead.

MINGO. BINGO.

## FROM THE PUBLIC

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:

No one will deny that the present House membership is large enough. Many believe that it is too large as now constituted, despite the fact that other first-class powers have larger memberships in their lower national legislative houses. The English Parliament numbers more than 500, and other nations have a larger membership in their national assemblies than the American House. But it is generally felt that the present House of Representatives, with 435 members, which includes the delegates and commissioners from the foreign possessions of the United States, is now as large as it should be. That this opinion is general was shown by the fact that the Slegal bill increasing the House membership from 435 to 450 members was beaten by a vote of 267 to 73. This vote undoubtedly reflected the opinion of the constituents of the members who voted for it, and showed that the country at large believes the present House membership is big enough. During the debate on the Slegal bill efforts were even made by an amendment to reduce the size of the House to 307 members. This was defeated, as was an amendment to increase the size of the House to 460 members.

The House now has so large a membership that any one member has become a mere cog in a vast legislative machine, which takes little count of the individual House member unless the member be chairman of a committee, or is a member of the Republican steering committee, which runs the business of the House. The House membership, in the opinion of many, could be safely reduced to about 300 members, without the interests of the people of the country suffering in the slightest. Some Congressmen who voted to retain the present membership are even now of the opinion, and sorry that the House membership was not reduced—if they could have stayed in Congress under such a re-reduction.

On the other hand many believe that the Senate could be increased in size with great advantage to the country. Two Senators representing one foreign State are believed by many to be too small a number to really look out for all the interests of a State in the national legislature. Then, too, it often happens that one Senator is sick or absent, and when this occurs the other Senator believes that the whole legislative burden which was shared by his colleague.

Another argument for an increase is found in the fact that States, irrespective of size or population, are equally represented in the Senate. Little States like Idaho, New Mexico, Delaware, Wyoming, Nevada, New Hampshire, Utah and Vermont, all with less than a half million inhabitants (smaller than the District of Columbia), are allowed two Senators, and so are States like New York and Pennsylvania, with immense populations and which States are in fact real empires in wealth and size. This, to many, does not seem like an equitable distribution of the legislative power in the Senate. Some, therefore, believe that the whole legislative burden should be arranged on the same basis as the House membership—population alone.

An arrangement of this kind probably would give Rhode and populous States like Indiana and Ohio a number of Senators. And little States like Rhode Island one Senator. The little States would fight such an arrangement tooth and nail, but who could say that such an arrangement would not be fair to every State, if it is fair to States like New York and Pennsylvania?

Reapportionment of the Senate representation could not be accomplished except by a constitutional amendment, for the Constitution sets out plainly that each State shall have two Senators in Congress—more and no less. It would be a tremendous job to get three-fourths of the States to ratify an amendment of that kind because the little States that would lose one Senator would refuse to ratify. This, however, could be circumvented by leaving two Senators to the little States, and increasing in proportion to population the number of Senators in the larger States. It is believed that such an amendment might have a chance of being ratified. Certainly it seems to many that if the Senate were larger, it would be more useful to the country.

One thing is certain, with a larger Senate the individual Senator would be shorn of much of the autocratic power he now possesses over national legislation.

## Municipal Ownership of D. C. Street Railways

By BILL PRICE.

Municipal ownership of the District's street railway lines is again brought to the front by Congressman KELLER of Minnesota, a member of the House District Committee, which is applying itself to a solution of the street railway jumble here. Mr. Keller proposes to go further with his idea of public ownership and control of public utilities by fathering and pushing a bill for the acquisition by the Federal and District governments of the Potomac Electric Power Company and the development of the huge power of Great Falls, going to waste each day, while the Government and private consumers pay high prices for electric current.

Municipal ownership would have solved the complex street railway situation years back if Congress had been willing to listen. Refusing to accept this solution, and failing to agree on any other, Congress is directly responsible for the most aggravating, unfair and inequitable electric railway situation in the United States. Either municipal ownership or the Cleveland plan of guaranteeing fair returns on fair valuation would long ago have ended the whole thing, reduced street car fares to where they belong, and saved the people of Washington several millions of dollars not rightfully extracted from them in fares.

Of course, Congress will at this time reject municipal ownership, but it at least is a satisfaction to know that the railway situation here is getting on the nerves of Congress and that somewhat radical legislation may be expected if the two competing companies do not reach an agreement for merger, about which there is room for doubt. The sentiment in Congress is to force such a merger by means of taxation or otherwise.

## HEARD AND SEEN

TOO MUCH SCIENCE—IT'S GETTING SERIOUS.

Dear Bill—You've got to call off this scientific stuff. It's getting too serious. Here's a gink who has demonstrated he can X-ray objects through a stone wall more than 250 feet deep from the source of the rays and it's simply nothing to X-ray plumb through the walls of a house.

Then another guy, I notice by dispatches in the Times, has discovered an ether, under the influence of which a fellow tells EVERYTHING he knows. Great gosh, Bill, what's going to happen? I can't forget some things I know, and it would never do to let my wife know about it. Suppose she etherizes me some night and extracts my whole history? Gosh, I shudder when I think of it. I see it now, there's a fortune for the fellow who invents an ether projector and an X-ray teller.

A DARK PAST.

SHORT "PONES."

Dance hall; Shippery floor; New shoes; Back sore.

MARIE S.

New song out—"Honor, Love and Oh! Baby."

St. Peter to Finnegun—Up here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent.

Finnegun—Please lend me a cent.

St. Peter—Just wait a minute.

SALOME.

HER HARD LUCK.

Old Mother Hubbard; Went to the cupboard; To the Sunday dinner; But all she could find; That had been left behind; Was the gizzard and part of the neck.

CHEVY.

FOOT BALL HITS—Some prominent full backs.

Full Backs.

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THE WEEK AT WARREN PARK

SEASONABLE SLANG.

NOSEBAG—Used between meals by 9th street gang hangers. Gayety chorus girls. Arcade satellites, second rate movie stars, F street cackles, rumps, etc.

"I'm so hungry, could almost yell." Says Ninth Street Nell to F Street Max. "Let's hit a joint and get a fix."

NOT THAT IT MATTERS.

THE people who make us laugh most while they live make us cry most when they die.

SAM SIMPLE.

TRY IT.

If we noticed little pleasures As we notice little pains If we quite forgot our losses And remembered all our gains

If we looked for people's virtues And the faults we refused to see, What a comfortable happy Cheerful place this world would be.

IDA FOWLER.

DELIVERED PROMPTLY.

The nut who put the address below on an envelope to H. and S. will not be surprised to know that it was delivered to the right place.

SAY, POST FELLER.

THIS GOES TO

BILL.

If you don't get me

Get some one to loan

You three cents and

Buy the Wash. Times and turn

to the Last page.

Greatest Column on Earth.

While attending a movie entitled, "How to Care for Babies,"

a New York mother let her child fall off her lap and break its arm.

Another woman I know is so tenderhearted she warms the water to

drawn kittens.

OLD HORSE.

SULLEABHAIN'S SAYINGS.

Even people who borrow trouble have it to lend.

In a game of hearts a girl should be willing to let a young man hold her hand.

If you don't want to answer the front door bell when Opportunity or Fortune ring the bell, don't expect them to go to the back door and knock.

E. O. SULLEABHAIN.

To die "unloved, unhonored and unangry" doesn't worry some people. If they manage to die "unhungry" they are perfectly well satisfied and willing to call it square.

FRED VETTER.

CANDIDATE'S HARD LUCK.

EDDIE WINEBURN, of Hyattsville, Md., tells of the hard luck of a candidate for councilman in the recent town election there. This candidate,

says E. W., went to a certain Mrs. X, and asked her if she had voted yet.

She said she had, but she was one to mind her baby. He told her he would mind the baby while his driver took her to the polls. She accepted his invitation, went to the poll and voted for his opponent.

There was an old geezer named Hap. A mean and a glum old character. He was no longer an an.

For no reason at all he was no longer an an.

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